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The LONE RANGER

IN THE
ARMY SCOUT'S GOLD

STEADY SILVER! THESE INDIANS ARE COMING! WE'LL LEAVE BEFORE THEY START ASKING QUESTIONS ABOUT MY MARK!



BANG! BLAM!
SHOTS!...THEY'RE BEING CHARGED BY INDIANS!



OVER HERE!...TALK GO ON BEHIND THE STEADY'S BANK!
BANG!



DON'T WORRY WHY I'M WEAR THAT MARK, SILVER! BUT LEAVE ME THEN!...SOUND OF YOURS!...WENT TO THE BOW!...YOUR'S GRAY WITH ME!

BLAM!



WE WERE AWAY! SCOUTING FOR AN ARMY COLUMN! WE WERE LOOKING FOR A SHOT! WAR PARTY!

YOU FOUND THEM! HERE THEY COME!





IF THAT MASKED HONDER
AIN'T PLAN, LOGO, HE'S
DANGED BRUTE!

LOGO, PRIME, TULLY HE
DON'T WANT THE RECKONS
STARTING AFTER HIM!



THEEE'S ONE BUT
FUD AINT BEEN
NO MORE!

TWO SE COMB IN
CLOSE, FOUR LEAD
INTO THEM!

BLAM!
BANG!



AIEEE!

DRAKE L...HE'S
HIT!

PING!



TULLY, HOW DRIS'S
DECKIN' HIT?

PLENTY! OUR ONLY CHANCE
IS DEEPIN' 'EM BACK---
DRAKE'S OUT COLD!

BANG!



SOON AFTER...

PRIME AIN'T
STURVED SINCE
HE WAS HIT!

IF THAT MASKED MAN DON'T COME
BACK WITH HELP, PRIME'S HE
WOHT BE STURVIN' MUCH LONGER
EITHER!



WOW! MY
CHEST---

PING!

---TULLY!

















YOU MUST HAVE BEEN
FROM SOMEWHERE!
BUT HAWTHORNE ESCAPED!

COME ON, TONY! WE'LL
RIDE DOWN ON THOSE
KILLERS BEFORE
THEY ESCAPE!

BLAM!
BAM!



THERE THEY GO!
...HALT!

WALTON BLOCK HIM!
HE MOVE-UM!



NOW WE
GUARD-UM!

NO! TONY! THEY HAVE HIDDEN SAFELY BY
NOW! THEY MISSED THEIR TARGET, JACK'S
SAFE FOR THE MOMENT, BUT LADY! NOW!
STOP AT ONE TRY!



LATER, AT HAWTHORNE'S BIRTHPLACE...

MR. HAWTHORNE, I'VE
STUDIED TULLY'S MAP
BUT I CAN'T FIGURE IT
OUT! CAN YOU? BE
ABLE TO HELP ME?

THAT MAP WOULDN'T
BEEN MUCH TO
ANYONE WHO DIDN'T
KNOW THE REGION!
I'VE PROSPECTED
THERE PARTS FOR
YEARS!



THEN YOU'LL BE
ABLE TO HELP
ME FIND THAT
TUNNEL!

YES! BECAUSE YOU MUST BE
ALL RIGHT IF TULLY GAVE
YOU THE MAP! WE'LL START
IN THE MORNING!



HELLO
DAD!

LADY, I'D LIKE
YOU TO MEET JACK
HAWTHORNE!

WELL, I'M SURE
GLAD TO MEET YOU!
DIDN'T THINK THERE
WAS ANYONE LIKE
YOU—I MEAN—ER—





SOME AFTER...

GREAT GABBY LOOK
THESEY! THAT DRUNK
FELLER 'EM FOLLOW
HANSON!

I SAW HIM WHEN WE STARTED
UP THE ROAD, TONIGHT! BUT I'D
LIKE TO KNOW WHAT BECAME OF
PETE AND LASON! — I EXPECTED
THEM ALL TO FOLLOW!



LATER...

...GOLD!

JACK! WE'VE REOPENED THE
TUNNEL ENTRANCE AND THAT
YELLOW STUFF INSIDE IS—



TILLY'S RAP LED RIGHT
TO IT ONCE YOU GAVED
THE LANDMARKS! POST OUR
CLAIM ON THAT STAKE, JACK!

HOLD ON! I
GOT ANOTHER
CLAIM NOTICE
YUH CAN POST
THERE!



DRINK!

THAT'S THE NAME YUH
CAN PUT ON THE CLAIM
PAPERS, HAWTHORNE!

YOU'RE LOOKS
MISTED! WE
WERE HERE
FIRST!



SEE THESE, HANSON! — THEY'RE YOUR
OR SHITERS! GUESS WITH LASON! IF YUH
DON'T POST OUR CLAIM, YUH MIGHT
NEVER SEE HER
AGAIN!

LASON'S GONE AND
REBORN! — THEY'VE
CAPTURED HER!









COME OUT, LADDER!
YOU'RE CORNERED!

I AIN'T HOLDIN' UP IN
HERE ALONE! IF I
DON'T GET OUT AIN'
WANNABE DAUGHTER
AIN'T GITTIN' OUT
EITHER!

BANG!



IF HE DON'T LET HIM
OUT, LADDER MAY BE
HARVED!

AND IF HE DO, HE HAVE NO
GUARANTEES OF HOW SAFETY?
I'M THEN GOIN WITH
LADDER, I HAVE AN IDEA!



SECONDS LATER...

HEY, GRAB SOME
PLUNTY SHAKES!

WOULD THEY BE
MOMENTARILY BLINDED
I'M GOING IN TO TRY TO
RESCUE LADDER. WANNABE
COVER ME, SONNY!



RED'S CAN'T SEE
I---**OWW!**

POPEY! WHAT IS WRONG? -- BLAST
IT ALL! I'VE KILLED THE WANNABE GALT
I'M USING HIM FOR A SHIELD TO
SCRAM OUTTA HERE!



**AS RED LADDER BOUNCES BACK FROM THE
SHORE, THE LONG RANGER CRIES LADDER... WANNABE...**

Y-YOU'RE MARKED!

FORGET MY MUSIC, WANNABE
WANNABE I'LL CUT YOU FREE!



BUT AS THE SMOKE CLEAR...
THE WANNABE KUN! THIS IS
OUR THIRD AND LAST MEETING!

MY GUN!

BANG!



WASHAKIE

THE PEACE-SEEKER

by JOHN L. HUGHES

CERTAIN INDIAN TRIBES, FOR ONE REASON OR ANOTHER, ALWAYS SOUGHT PEACE WITH THE WHITE MAN. SUCH WERE THE SHOSHONE, WHOSE GREAT HUNTING, SCAVENGING, AND THE LEWIS AND CLARK EXPEDITION BEYOND THE ROCKIES TO THE COLUMBIA RIVER.

THEY OWED A GOOD PART OF THEIR FINAL PEACE WITH THE AMERICAN GOVERNMENT TO THEIR GREAT CHIEF WASHAKIE, WHO ALWAYS SOUGHT PEACE FOR HIS PEOPLE.

WASHAKIE WAS FIRST NAMED "SHOOT STRAIGHT" BUT HIS NAME WAS CHANGED TO WASHAKIE — THE RAFFLER, WHEN HE MADE A BATTLE BY PUTTING PEBBLES IN THE SKULL OF THE FIRST BUFFALO HE KILLED.



NUMEROUS STORIES WERE TOLD OF WASHAKIE DELIVERING STRAYED CATTLE TO THEIR WHITE OWNERS. HE SERVED THEM IN MANY WAYS, GIVING THEM SCOUTS AND GADES DURING THEIR WARS WITH THE SIOUX AND BLACKFEET.



SOON WASHAKIE WAS LEADING A BAND OF SHOSHONES. HE ORDERED HIS MEN TO MAKE FRIENDS WITH THE WHITE MAN.



BUT A NEIGHBORING TRIBE, THE SARNOCKS, WANTED WAR AND BEGAN HAVING THE WAGON TRAINS.



SOME SHOSHONES JOINED THE BRANCKOS AND WASHAKIE, WHO, LED THE PEACEFUL MEMBERS OF HIS TRIBE TO THE PROTECTION OF FORT BRIDGER. THE WHITE MAN KNEW THAT HE WANTED PEACE.



WHEN THE BATTLE WAS OVER AND SOME SAVORING WARRIORS RETURNED, WASHAKIE TOLD THEM THAT THEY HAD DISCOURAGED THEMSELVES. HE SAVED HIS PEOPLE FROM A SUICIDAL WAR.



WHEN HE RETURNED, HE DISPLAYED SEVEN SCALPS TAKEN FROM BLACKFEET WARRIORS. NO ONE EVER CHALLENGED HIM AGAIN.



AND THEN THE RAILROAD CAME ACROSS HIS LAND. INSTEAD OF FIGHTING BACK, AS THE SIOUX HAD DONE, WASHAKIE ASKED FOR A FERTILE RESERVATION OFF THE LINES OF TRAVEL.



NOT ONLY DID THEY GIVE HIM THE FERTILE RIVER RESERVATION, BUT, AFTER HIS DEATH, THE AMERICAN ARMY GAVE HIM A MILITARY FUNERAL AND NAMED A FRONTIER FORT AFTER HIM.



A FRIEND INDEED



"Wake up, son!" Haseen's mother called to him, her voice broken by a slight cough. "Breakfast! And you must hurry! This is the day of the Great Rabbit Hunt, you know!"

Haseen sat up, rubbing the sleep out of his eyes. The dog, Keemu, whose long, cattle-like fur had helped to keep him warm all night, danced about, yelping joyously. She always shared Haseen's breakfast, even though lately it was nothing more than a thin pancake of cornmeal.

Hard times had struck Haseen's family. His father and elder brother had been killed by a wounded bear, early that spring. All summer Haseen and his mother had done double work in the corn field where the green squashies grew between the "hills". No meat had enriched their scanty diet. They had traded away all but one thin blanket of rabbit skin for old grain while their own was ripening.

Now winter was coming on, and Haseen's mother shivered often when the breeze blew cold down the red rock canyon. Perhaps, if he killed many rabbits in the Great Hunt today, there would be enough skin for a cape to warm her shoulders. Or a blanket to protect her from the chill of the home cave's floor.

There were two cornmeal pancakes for Haseen this morning. He gave one to Keemu, the dog, for she would help him in the hunt.

"Here are the new sandals I have been weaving for you," Haseen's mother said. "You must wear them, son—for you may have

many rough miles to cover today! No hunter will have better sandals than my boy."

"They are beautiful, Mother!" Haseen exclaimed, turning the new footgear over. The sandals had double soles, with a handsome red-and-black design worked into the strong yucca fibres, on top and bottom. Haseen would outgrow them before he wore them out, for he was only ten years old and growing fast. They were sandals to be proud of.

Haseen would not have been prouder of them, could he have looked nearly two thousand years ahead to the day when white men, digging in a corner of that same cave, would find those same beautiful sandals, only a little the worse for time and wear!

But now the sun was glinting along the red rock rim of the canyon. The hunters, men and boys, were gathering for the expedition. Shri!l whoops and the yelping of dogs told Haseen that he must hurry. Quickly, he gathered up his rabbit stick, his sandals, and (just in case he MIGHT meet with larger game) his darts and throwing-stick.

As the big party moved out, Haseen fell in beside a friend of his own age, named Tupatkee. Tupatkee had a dog, too—a short haired, black-and-white terrier called Yupat. He was a rabbit dog—while Keemu had hunt-

ed mountain lion, and deer and even the terrible grizzly bear. But Tupatkee insisted that little Yupat would attack a lion, if he had the chance.

The first part of the drive was slow work. Honeen and Tupatkee stayed close together. That is how, in a little drive, they both saw the fresh deer tracks at the same time.

"A deer is better than fifty rabbits!" Honeen whispered.

"And we both have our darts and AT-LATSI!" answered Tupatkee, his eyes shining with eagerness. "If we miss it, we'll bring home no meat at all—but it's worth the risk!"

For three miles they stalked the deer before they saw him—a fine fat buck, browsing

the danger!

Their atlatis whipped forward. Honeen missed! Tupatkee's dart pierced the cougar. With a horrid screech he charged—straight at Honeen!

No time to hurl a second dart! The boy gripped his rabbit stick—hurled it straight at that snarling, brute face. Batting at it, the terrible claws missed Honeen's flesh, but the cat's weight knocked him down. He felt the hot breath—the pressure of a heavy paw—

Then suddenly he was free! Keemu's sharp teeth had homstrung the lion. Little Yupat's jaws gripped the lashing tail. And now, at close range, Tupatkee's dart pierced the lion's savage heart. It was all over!

As if in a dream, Honeen rose to his feet. His life was safe—but he had lost the meat and the hide of the buck, that his mother



at the foot of a low cliff. The dogs, well trained, made no sound, as Honeen raised his atlatis, or throwing-stick, with a stone-headed dart in place. But before he could throw, a towmy-gray, catlike shape dropped from the cliff onto the buck's back! A mountain lion! After a few jumps, the deer fell, its neck broken.

That was too much for the dogs. Yelping ferociously, they dashed in. The big cat faced them, snarling above the dead buck. Hard after the dogs ran the two boys. They would let no lion rob them of THEIR buck, whatever

needed so much. Tupatkee had won both deer and lion by his last lucky dart. These were the rules!

"They are yours, Tupatkee!" he said, with a catch of disappointment in his voice. "I will help you to drag them home, the lion and the buck."

But Tupatkee shook his head, smiling.

"They are yours, Honeen!" he replied. "There is corn to spare in my father's granary, and I have brothers to help me hunt meat. Before I cast my dart into the lion's heart I said: 'This is for my friend, Honeen!'"

YOUNG HAWK



FOR A WEEK, AFTER HELPING THE PUEBLO INDIANS REPEL AN APACHE ATTACK, YOUNG HAWK AND HIS COMPANIONS REST FROM THEIR LONG JOURNEY. BIG FISH BITE HUNGERY BELOW THE WALLS.

TURNER--WE HAVE BEEN VERY HAPPY AS YOUR GUESTS, LITTLE HAWK, GRANDFATHER HIGH CLOUD AND I.

BUT YOU WANT TO START AGAIN ON YOUR WANDERINGS--TO SEEK NEW ADVENTURES--IS THAT WHAT YOU WOULD SAY, YOUNG HAWK?



I GUESSED THAT IT WOULD BE SO, MY FRIENDS! AND I HAVE PROVIDED FOR YOU! THE RIVER IS THE SAFEST PATH THROUGH APACHE COUNTRY.

HOW CAN I THANK YOU, TURNER, MY BROTHER? YOU ARE NOT ANGRY THAT WE WISH TO LEAVE YOUR HOSPITALITY?



I WILL GO NOW, AND CALL THE CHIEF, AND ALSO AMITOLA, MY WIFE! THEY HAVE SOME SMALL GIFTS FOR YOU!

GIFTS, TURNER?



NOW DID TURNER KNOW THAT WE WANTED TO LEAVE TODAY?

SOMETIMES A TRUE FRIEND CAN TELL WHAT ONE IS THINKING, LITTLE HAWK! THE HEARTS OF TURNER AND HIS PEOPLE ARE VERY WARM TOWARD US.







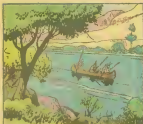
THE THIRD DAY, TOWARD SUNGOWN, THE THREE ADVENTURERS LAND AT ANOTHER FURLEST VILLAGE, WHERE ISLETA, NEW MOON, NOW STAYS...



YOUNG HAWK'S SHELL PENDANT WORKS WONDERS...



THAT NIGHT, THE WANDERERS SLEEP SECURE WITHIN FRIENDLY WALLS...



THE NEXT DAY THEY PUSH ON! THE HILLS CROWD
CLOSER...



SEE NOW!
SEE-
APPA-
APPA-
APPA-
APPA!

HEY,
KARRO!
WHAT'S THE
MATTER?

PERHAPS HE SEES SOMETHING
IN THE BOAT! REMEMBER
WHAT RAINBOW GIRL SAID...



TAKE YOUR SHIELDS---
QUICKLY! THERE IS SOME-
THING IN THE BOAT AHEAD!



EEEE-
YAHOOH
AAHOO!

DOWN! LIE
FLAT! APACHES---

REAPPA!



WE'RE HELPLESS THIS WAY,
HIGH CLIFFS! WE'LL JUST
DRIFT CLOSER TO THOSE
APACHES! BETTER TO
GET FIGHTING---

NO! WE'LL LEAVE OUR
WEAPONS AND TAKE TO
THE WATERS! WE'LL SWIM
AND FOR THE BOAT!



FOLLOW ME!





HIGH CLOUD'S TRICK WORKS! ONE BY ONE THE ENEMY GIVES UP THE ATTEMPT—



BUT THEIR LEADER HAS NO IDEA OF QUITTING THE FIGHT. HE SENDS HIS MEN RACING ALONG THE BANK, IN BOTH DIRECTIONS.



NO, YOUNG HAWK!



YOU ARE RIGHT, I SPOKE FOOLISHLY, GRANDFATHER HIGH CLOUD.



THERE IS A CANYON AHEAD OF US! WE SHOULD FIND A PLACE THERE TO STAND OFF THE APACHES!



TAKING SHELTER BEHIND THE BOULDERS OF A DRY WATERCOURSE, THE THREE FRIENDS ANGUISH THEIR PURSUERS...



HIS BOWS WET AND STRINGS SLACK, THE SAVAGE ENEMY HAD TO RETREAT AGAIN...



"FOOST! COME, MY CHILDREN!"



"WE'LL STEAL AWAY, WHILE THEY'RE PREPARING ANOTHER ATTACK! WE HAD BETTER TRAVEL ALL NIGHT, TOO!"

"OH! ALL RIGHT-- WITHOUT SLEEP!"

FOR SIXTEEN HOURS HIGH CLOUD LEADS QH WITHOUT A HALT, DEEPER AND DEEPER INTO THE CANYON COUNTRY...

"IT IS ALMOST DAYLIGHT AGAIN! CAN'T WE STOP, HIGH CLOUD?"

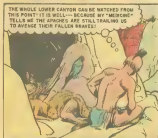
"SOON, MY SON!"



"UP THERE--- I THINK I SEE A CAVE! IT MIGHT SHELTER US!"



ALL RIGHT ---
I'LL GIVE YOU A
HAND UP, LITTLE
BUCK!





DOWN IN THE BRUSH, THE "DEER" WHOM LITTLE BUCK GUMPS'D SQUALLS AT THE PICKING ARROW...



... AND THE MOTHER BEAR HURTLIES OUT OF THE BRUSH WITH A BLOODCURDLING ROAR OF FURY



AROUND THE ROCK... SURPRISE FOR A BUNCH OF THOSE IN ARCHES



HOW I'M
DONE FOR—

YEEH!

AAAH!

GRROWL!



WO! SHE'S KNOCKING THESE
APACHES IN *ANY* DIRECTION!
I'D BETTER CLEAN OUT, WHILE
I CAN!



THERE'S HIGH CLOUD—
SIGNALLING ME TO FOLLOW
— THAT WAY!



YOU DESERTED YOUR WATCH,
LITTLE BUCK! YOU LEFT YOUR
FRIENDS UNARMED! WHAT
HAVE YOU TO SAY FOR
YOURSELF?

NOTHING! FORGIVE ME,
GRANDFATHER! LEAVE
ME TO THE APACHES! I
WAS JUST TOO HUNGRY—



NO! THERE ARE NO APACHES LEFT TO LEAVE
YOU TO! SINCE IT WAS YOU WHO BROUGHT ABOUT
THEIR DESTRUCTION, LITTLE BUCK,
WE'LL FORGIVE YOU.



— AND HERE IS A
MOUTHFUL OF Pemmican
I'VE BEEN SAVING JUST
FOR YOU!

OH! THANK YOU—
THANK YOU,
HIGH CLOUD!

INDIAN SHIELDS

REPRINTED BY
MAGNETIC PRESSURE IN LITHO. CO.



Among the Indian's most colorful and decorative creations are his ceremonial shields. Aside from their ceremonial use, these shields make unusually attractive wall hangings.

With a few inexpensive materials and a little effort, you can make your own ceremonial shield.

You will need an ordinary wooden hoop about twenty-four inches in diameter. If you wish to carry your shield, tack armstraps on one side of the hoop as shown in Fig. A. Cover the other side of the hoop with a cheap artist's canvas, primed side out, and tack

from behind as shown in Fig. B. Now, with a pencil, sketch an Indian design on the primed side (or front) of the canvas, as illustrated in Fig. C, and paint with any color combination you like. Common flat house paint is best, but tone down the colors with flat white paint. Toned-down colors lend an aged look to the finished work. Now drape the shield with a foot-wide strip of solid-colored flannel. As the finishing touch, dip the tips of a dozen large white feathers in bright red paint and, when dry, pin them to the flannel.





The Elkhorn caribou is the largest, mountain dwelling, only, that lives in open, treeless country is larger than his close
type of the plain caribou. Usually the variety of antlers relative also lives among brush, trees or in swampy areas.